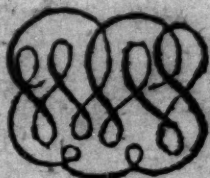


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SONGS,  
DUETS, CHORUSES, &c.  
IN  
WIVES IN PLENTY;  
OR,  
THE MORE THE MERRIER!  
A COMEDY  
IN THREE ACTS.

Altered from the COQUET of MOLLOY.

PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRE ROYAL,  
HAYMARKET.



LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

1793.

PRICE SIX-PENCE.

S O V C S

DEAR GENTLEMEN

IN

WIVES IN PLINY

OR

THE MORE THE MERRY

A COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS

ALBION CO. OF MARY

PRINTED BY THE

THEATRE ROYAL

HATFIELD



LONDON

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL IN THE STRAND

1757

ALBION CO. OF MARY

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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|                   |         |                     |
|-------------------|---------|---------------------|
| Bellamy,          | - - -   | Mr. BARRYMORE.      |
| Monfieur Caprice, | -       | Mr. PARSONS.        |
| Valere,           | - - -   | Mr. CAULFIELD.      |
| Ranger.           | - - -   | Mr. SUETT.          |
| Le Bronze,        | - -     | Mr. BANNISTER, JUN. |
| Julia,            | - - - - | Mrs. GOODALL.       |
| Fantast,          | - - -   | Signora STORAGE.    |
| Filette,          | - - -   | Mrs. HOPKINS.       |
| La Jupe,          | - - -   | Mrs. GIBBS.         |

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

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|                   |       |                      |
|-------------------|-------|----------------------|
| Belamy,           | - - - | Mr. BARRYMORE.       |
| Monsieur Caprice, | - - - | Mr. PARSONS.         |
| Valere,           | - - - | Mr. CAULFIELD.       |
| Ranger,           | - - - | Mr. SUTT.            |
| Le Bronze,        | - - - | Mr. BANNISTER, Junr. |
| Julia,            | - - - | Miss GOODALL.        |
| Fantaisie,        | - - - | Signora STORACE.     |
| Fillette,         | - - - | Miss HOPKINS.        |
| La Juive,         | - - - | Miss GIBBS.          |

(( 55 ))

SONGS, &c.

## WIVES IN PLENTY.

ACT I.

AIR—FANTAST.

*Melody by Signora Storace.*

*With Accompaniments by Mr. Storace.*

'T WAS a merry fellow who did cards  
invent,  
Of plain cards he made just ten;  
With the King and Queen, a Knave to  
court he sent:  
Knaves go to court like honest men.

B 2 Shuffling

Shuffling, grinning,  
 Fortunes winning,  
 All the night so merrily ;  
 Cutting, dealing,  
 Money stealing,  
 From our neighbours civilly.

But sometimes luck will turn—when fortune's hard,  
 We rail at him who did invent a card.  
 In vapours go to bed—then to new labours  
 We rise, and try again to cheat our neighbours.

### ITALIAN AIR—FANTAST.

*Composed by Signora Storace.*

AURE amiche, ah non spirate,  
 Per pietà, d'Irene amante,  
 Care piante, ah non tornate,  
 Così presto a germogliar,  
 Ogni fior, che si colora.  
 Ogni Zeffiro che spiri,  
 Quanti oh Dio ! quanti forpiri,  
 Al mio cor hà da costar.

END OF ACT I.

---

A C T H.

---

AIR—FANTAST.

Composed by Mr. *Storace*.

The first verse omitted in the representation.

**A**NSWER, and answer truly pray,  
Repondez moi, Monsieur Anglois,  
If you did e'er discover,  
Where Cupid's favourite ambush lay;  
Repondez moi, Monsieur Anglois,  
Reply as you're a lover:  
Do not his arrows surely fly,  
From woman's, lovely woman's eye?  
Repondez si'l vous plait;  
With a mironton, &c.

## II.

To make our eyes more surely slay,  
 We use some art, Monsieur Anglois;  
 The art I now discover:  
 Rouge gives a lustre ev'ry day;  
 Voyez comme ça, Monsieur Anglois,  
 [painting.]

We cannot miss a lover;  
 Do not love's arrows surest fly,  
 When rouge lights up a woman's eye?  
 Respondez si'l vous plait;  
 With a mironton, &c.

## III.

Now here a touch; ah! ce'st been fait!  
 [painting.]  
 D'ye like me now, Monsieur Anglois?  
 New charms do you discover?  
 The face improves---n'est il pas vrai?  
 Respondez, donc, Monsieur Anglois,  
 And answer like a lover;  
 Do not love's arrows surest fly,  
 From a well rouged French lady's eye?  
 Respondez si'l vous plait;  
 With a mironton, &c.

AIR

AIR—LE BRONZE.

(" O, Ally, my Dear!")

*With accompaniments by Dr. Arnold.*

1.

I never could think that one wife was plenty  
The law's against two wives, so I've married  
twenty.

With a whack; fal, lal, lal, &c.

2.

That marriage is good, is a well understood  
thing,  
And I'm always for having enough of a  
good thing.

With a whack; fal, lal, &c.

3.

Take comfort, my wives! if I'm hang'd  
'cause I'm blest in ye;  
Marriage and hanging they say go by  
destiny.

4.

This marrying trade I never shall alter,  
'Till wedlock's soft noose is chang'd for a  
halter.

With a whack; fal, lal, &c.

C

AIR

AIR—FANTAST.

(“ *Pbillida, adieu.*”)

*With accompaniments by Mr. Storace,*

COME listen all good people,  
As Mary's fate I tell;  
When, from the village steeple,  
She heard her true love's knell;  
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong!  
Her true love he lies dead!  
Poor Mary mute in sorrow,  
Crept softly to her bed.  
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong!

11.

Her heart was well nigh broken,  
Her eye despair express'd;  
She kiss'd her true love's token,  
And placed it on her breast.  
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong!  
Her lovely colour fled!  
And soon the hapless maiden  
Was clay cold on her bed.  
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong!

AIR

( II. )

AIR.—RANGER.

*Composed by Mr. Suet.*

WHAT strange effects have Sally's eyes,  
What magick is in ev'ry grace!  
Her burnish'd pots seem in disguise,  
And lose their lustre near her face.

II.

Let other ladies try, with art  
To make their faces look divine;  
With soap and sand she scours each part,  
And, eke, with dishclout makes her visage  
shine.

END OF ACT II.

ACT

---

ACT III.

DUET.

FANTAST and LE BRONZE.

*Composed by Signor Martini.*

*Fan.* HOW gallant a spark is,  
A languishing Marquis,  
His passion to tell.

*Le B.* You knew, when I courted,  
That I was transported;

*Fan.* Yes, Marquis, believe me,  
I knew it full well.

*Le B.* Behold then your prisoner—

*Fan.* Nay be not so teasing!

*Le B.* Pass sentence—*Fan.* O! how pleas-  
ing,

While my fingers he's squeezing.

*Both.* By the tips of the fingers our true  
we'll tell.

*Le B.*

*Le B.* By love I am martyr'd;  
Quite hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd,  
By this lovely belle.

*Fan.* I saw, when you courted,  
That you were transported;

*Le B.* Yes, madam, believe me,  
I know it full well.

*Fan.* And are you my pris'ner?

*Le B.* To ask me is teasing;

*Fan.* I own it—*Le B.* O! how pleasing,  
While your fingers I'm squeezing;

*Both* By the tips of our fingers our true  
love we tell.

**MEDLEY.**

**LE BRONZE and FANTAST.**

*With accompaniments by Dr. Arnold.*

*"I'm in love with twenty."*

**LE BRONZE.**

**GENTLEMEN and ladies !**

**Gentlemen and ladies !**

**Could I beguile**

**You of a smile,—**

**Le Bronze no more afraid is.**

**Sweet ladies, give a sample !**

**Sweet ladies, give a sample !**

**Smile, and then**

**The Gentlemen !**

**Will follow your example !**

**FANTAST.**

*"For me my fair a wreath had weve."*

**For me, a vain and proud coquet,**

**Behold me here for favour sue !**

**My flirting airs I now forget,**

**And ask for smiles from none but you.**

*("Malbrouk.")*

MEDLEY

(“ *Malbrouk.*”)

I'll leave off my coquetting,  
My frisking and curvetting ;  
No favour is worth getting,  
But favour now from you !

*Le B.* Egad, I think so too !

*Fan.* But favour now from you !

*Le B.* Egad, I think so too !

*Fan.* Tho' French to night my part is,

*Le B.* And mine a Marquis smatt is,

*Le B.* } True English still my heart is ;  
& *Fan.* }

True English and true blue.

True English and true blue.

*All.*

Rule, Britannia ! Britannia, rule the waves !

Britons never will be slaves !

THE END.

("Maiden")

I have off my cap  
My friend and country;  
No favour is worth giving  
But favour now from you!

L. B. Egad, I think so too!

Ham. But favour now from you!

L. B. Egad, I think so too!

Ham. The French to night my part is

L. B. And mine a Marquis's lance is

L. B. I think I shall fill my heart is

True English and true blue

True English and true blue

III.

Rose, Britannia! Britannia! rule the waves!

Britons never will be slaves!

THE END

